

The Durham Daily Globe.

By AL FAIRBROTHER.

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Durham, N. C.

DURHAM, N. C.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 1892

THE GLOBE FOR 1892



Will call things by their real names and name them properly.

It guarantees to advertisers more than double the combined circulation of all other papers.

It will continue to tell the truth and jerk the mask off of pious and pretending frauds.

It will not waver in its fight for the development and prosperity of the New South, and it asks the patronage of all honest men.

It will not work. The schools are for the people and not for any individual.

The boycott works two ways. The GLOBE will be here several days longer.

The fight for governor still goes merrily along, but no one seems to be fighting.

WHEN men try to rule or ruin, as Mr. ROGERS appears to do, they never succeed.

The 17th of May will develop many things. As you slide and glide along wait for the 17th of May.

THERE is a rumor afloat that the peach crop which was ruined is not ruined. This may or may not be true.

THE YORK boy says KENNEDY broke his hand, the father of the boy does nothing. There is a pretty out. But why does he not do something?

IN THE course of human events it may become necessary to grease your chin whiskers. If it does, pine tar is an excellent article for the business.

IT MAY be said without violating any confidence that 'SQUIRE ANGER is in it. The question comes in just now: Will he remain in it? That, my fellow countrymen, is for you to decide.

COL. WILLIAM OSBORN wants to announce that the Keeley Institute is a hummer right along, every day in the week—every day in the year. And it seems that it is. COLONEL OSBORN is president of the new company.

THE joyful boycott is still on. COL. BILL ROGERS, superintendent of the graded school furniture store, refuses to raise the embargo. In the meantime the Cheek furniture company offer rare bargains in all kinds of furniture. Mr. PROCTOR, who is employed at the furniture company, has not yet been boycotted.

THE Yam Farm this morning presented a beautiful appearance. The sweet-smelling ingens, the bob-tailed dog, the blind cow and the hump-backed cat were all there. Above the ingens bed did bloom the peach tree which bears no fruit, the old scraggy apple tree was trying to come out and couldn't, and COL. ALEX CAVE fell in a spring and was drowned. These tidings, ladies and gentlemen, fill the soul of the true poet, such as we profess to be, with ecstatic joy.

THIS IS GOOD.

They say that already the furniture for the new public school building has been selected. But it will not work. There are many ways to do things, and Messrs. KENNEDY, ROGERS & Co. must not imagine that they can sell that furniture. An eastern firm proposes to put the furniture in at just an even dollar below cost, and of course the people will demand that the lowest and best bidder gets the job. We understand that the Cheek Furniture company, now offering rare bargains, will also attempt to bid, and while the board owns its own furniture company, some members of it can be entrusted with sealed bids.

When the public pays for furniture it will not allow the members of a school board to patronize themselves and pay for it with the people's money.

The school board has shown bad faith. That is, part of it has. Some of the members are all right, but the public naturally wants to know if Mr. ROGERS is really in favor of retaining KENNEDY? Of course he would not be expected to be, as he is a partner in the furniture business. Anyway, by allowing Mr. ROGERS to help run the store, COLONEL KENNEDY may have some more time to give to his school.

And also the furniture business must be looked after—that is the desk business.

IT IS ON.

The city election is now on—that is the campaign may be said to be really opened. MAYOR ANGER for re-election and will point with pride to his past record.

MR. CHRISTIAN, who was on the track last year, but who switched off for some reason, will enter the race again this spring, we are told, and others will bob up serenely.

WALTON BUSBEE will go in for a winning race, while 'SQUIRE McMANNEN will also attempt to pluck a little fame here and there.

It will be a free for all. The city is democratic and several of the candidates propose to go before the people without the formality of a convention. They propose to say: Here I am, gentlemen. I am a candidate and if you want me vote for me. If you do not want me—then suit yourself and vote for the other fellow.

This is why the race will be interesting; this is why there will be skirmishing and lying and button-holing and trade and barter in votes and this is why there will be more fun in the air than for years past.

In the kettle of city politics there is always plenty of simmering, but this time the pot will boil over.

McMANNEN has friends, ANGER has friends, BUSBEE has friends and CHRISTIAN has friends. We mean friends who will whoop and yell and scream for their particular man.

Gentlemen, it is well. The more in the fight the merrier—so let them all come—come like the gentle dew from heaven—come like a Kansas cyclone—come like the itch or anything else.

THE OLD STORY.

There was a bit of telegraphic news in THE GLOBE yesterday, an account of a tragedy—a tragedy which was enacted by one person—but the person gave her life to pay the penalty of it.

A girl—young and maybe comely or maybe handsome—educated in a manner, and yet no matter about that—she was a human being, she was the idol of a lover—her heart had gone out to a man: gone out to him with its tenderness and its hope; gone out to him with as much force and as much honesty, and perhaps more than if she had been prominent and a figure in society.

Another woman, a long-tongued gossip—one of the busy bodies who had a tongue hung on a pivot and loose at both ends, created stories and lied and slandered the girl, and the girl, in her simplicity and in the humiliation which followed the wild reports, drowned herself.

And yet the old hag who lied about her will go free because she cannot be prosecuted. But it was murder none the less—it was a malicious and a wilful murder—the work of an assassin—the deed of a wretch who should not be allowed to live.

And herein society is wrong, wrong in a hundred ways, of course but in this particular it is more cruelly wrong than in any other.

The man who slanders his neighbor is a coward; he has murder in his heart. He would wreck the life of the neighbor if he dared. His viciousness is held in restraint only by his moral cowardice. He would sneak upon you in the dark, had he the assurance that he could waylay you. He would apply the torch to your home were he not afraid of detection, and he would lie about you, your sister or your mother and then lie out of it again.

There should be societies formed for the protection of character. The law says that if I slander you, you may recover. That is you may bring an action and recover damages. But suppose I say something about your sister? Something untrue, something which will cause her misery and humiliation. Do you suppose a man is going to drag an innocent girl through the courts to establish what all people know who are acquainted with her? Not any, my friend. The sneak who slanders with his poisoned tongue, should be rendered speechless by having his tongue torn out by the roots.

The girl at Memphis, who reduced herself to a damp, cold body was of course foolish, but at the same time she was perhaps so incensed, so shocked and so deeply humiliated that she could not resist the temptation to do what she did.

Yet no matter: She was a poor girl—a girl who worked for a living and who believed in her lover and who was pure and kind and affectionate. Throw a few cloths on the coffin: drive on the procession and let it all be forgotten. She was of no consequence, anyway. She had no money. She had friends but they were among those who worked for what they get—drive on the hearse and give the wicked tattlers a chance to blight some other life.

GIVE IT A LIFT.

The Y. M. C. A. will give an entertainment at Stokes hall Thursday night. The entertainment is first-class and our citizens should take this opportunity of lending a helping hand to the Y. M. C. A.

That organization has contracted with the gentlemen who are to give the entertainment, and all over a certain amount received from the sale of tickets will go to help the Y. M. C. A.

The evening will be an enjoyable one, and THE GLOBE hopes to see a full house.

AT RANDOM.

There's a land beyond the mountains Where are ever-flowing fountains Spouting water which is clear, And toward it I'd be going Had they made a better showing And had less water and more beer.

There is no use to talk. That is, if you have nothing to say.

COLONEL ROBERT CARR, out at O chee kee-chee, has a peacock which has a tail two yards long. It is one of the prettiest peafowls we have lately seen, and the colonel proposes to pull the tail feathers out and wear the whole business in his hat.

DUEL WITH RIFLES.

Michael McGowan Killed in a Duel Near New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, La., April 4.—News has reached here of a fatal duel with Winchester rifles on Turnbull's Island, at the mouth of the Red river, yesterday morning. The principals were Michael McGowan and Andrew Kirk, both citizens of West Melville.

The duellists, together with a number of their friends, crossed the river at 8 o'clock and the distance of one hundred yards was measured off and the men placed back to back. When the signal to turn was given, McGowan fired, but missed his adversary. Kirk calmly leveled his rifle and taking deliberate aim, shot McGowan in the head, the ball entering near the left eye and coming out at the right ear. The wounded man fell to the ground and expired almost instantly.

The sheriff had learned of the intention to fight a duel and had followed the party. He reached the scene in a few minutes after the shooting and arrested Kirk and the seconds. The cause of the duel dates back about two years ago. Kirk was engaged to marry a young lady, but on account of slanderous stories circulated about him the engagement was broken. He accused McGowan of being the author of the stories, and bad blood between the men has existed since that time.

HIS DATES.

When and Where Dr. E. A. Yates Will Hold His Quarterly Meetings.

Burlington circuit at Prospect, April 9-10.

Roxboro circuit at Lea's Chapel, April 16-17.

Hillsboro circuit at New Bethel, April 23-24.

Mt. Tirzah circuit at Trinity April 30 and May 1.

Durham circuit at Orange church, May 7-8.

Chapel Hill, May 8.

Person circuit at Webb, May 14-15.

Yanceyville circuit at Shady Grove, May 21-22.

Milton circuit at New Hope, May 28-29.

Alamance circuit at Lebanon, May 28-29.

Leasburg circuit at Union, June 4-5.

Trinity, June 11-12.

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen, And here's to the widow of forty."

They have each reached a period in life when most females need assistance in tiding them over the shoals which so often completely wreck their after lives. In producing regularity and healthy action of the female organs, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription stands without a peer. At a time when nature gives them increased burdens, so many young girls have their health for life shattered. If you wish your daughter to miss those periodical, agonizing backaches, and dizzy headaches, languid and tired feelings, accompanied with rough, pimply skin and dull, heavy eyes, get her a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you have reached the later period of danger and weakness, you will need a bottle, too. See wrapper on bottle for printed guarantee. Satisfaction given in every case or money returned.

The healthy people you meet have healthy livers. They take Simmons Liver Regulator.

Do not almost kill yourself by violent purgatives. Take Simmons Liver Regulator.

Don't become constipated. Take Beecham's Pills.

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This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's—we know it as curves and dimples.

What plumpness has to do with health is told in a little book on CAREFUL LIVING; sent free.

Would you rather be healthy or beautiful? "Both" is the proper answer.

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